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An Arab Legend.

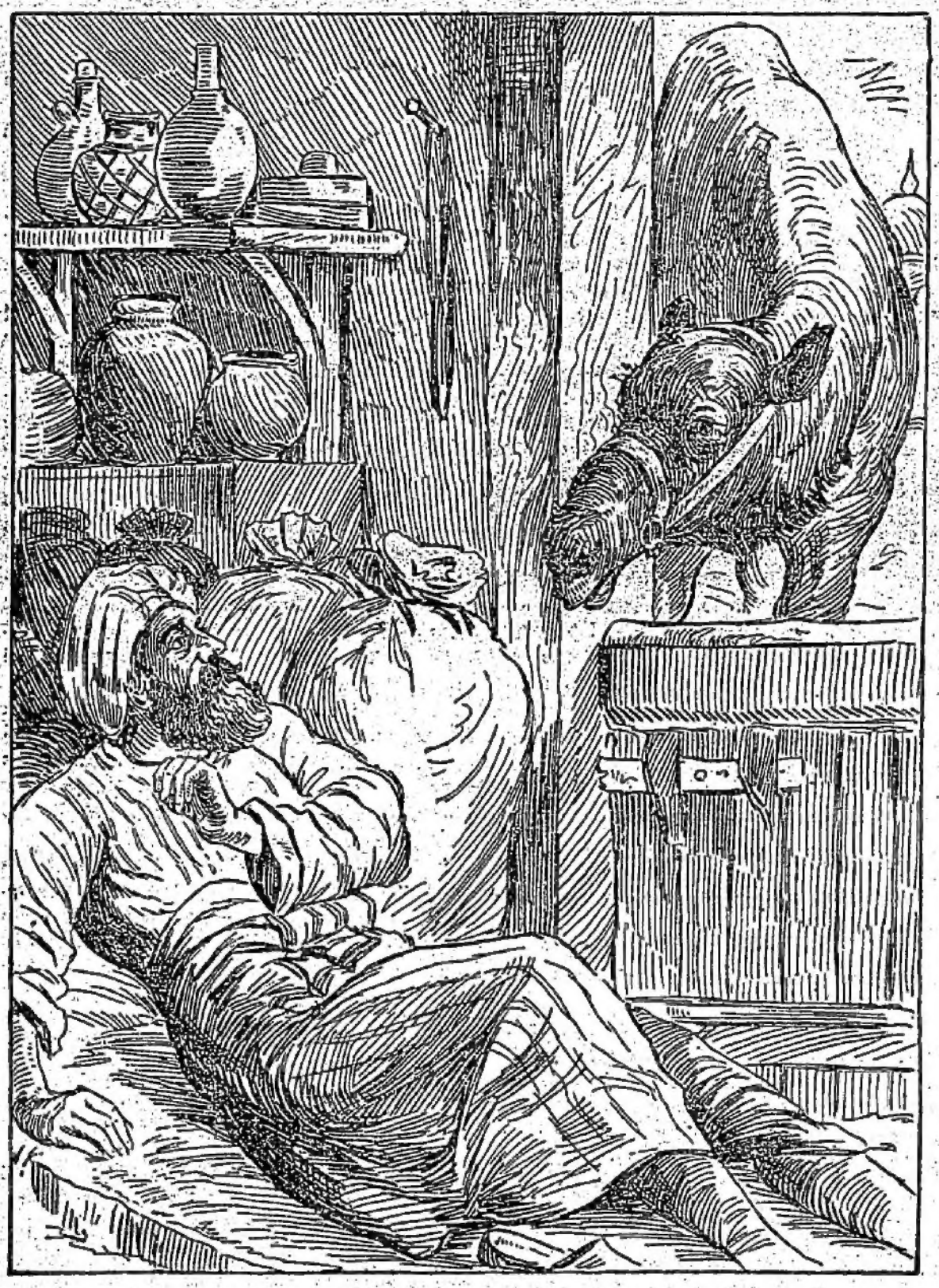
The Arabs have a fable from which we may learn a helpful lesson.

'Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled at a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

'It is very cold outside,' said the camel, 'I only wish to get my nose in.'

The miller was an easy kind of a man, and so the nose was let in.'

'The wind is very sharp,' sighed the camel, 'pray allow me to put my neck inside.'



This request was also allowed and the neck was also thrust in.

'How fast the rain begins to fall! I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?'

This, too, was granted; and so the camel asked for a little and a little more, until he had pushed his whole body inside the house.

The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had got into his room, which was not large enough for both, and, as the rain was over, civilly asked him to depart.

'If you don't like it, you may leave,' sauc-

illy replied the beast, 'As for myself, I know when I am well off, and shall stay where I am.'

This is a very good story; we hope the Arabs are all the wiser and better for it; but let us also try to turn it to good account.

There is a camel knocking at the heart of us all, young and old, seeking to be let in; its name is sin. It comes silently and craftily, and knocks: 'Let me in'; only a very small part at first. So in comes the nose; and it is not long before, little by little, it gains entire possession. Once in possession the master soon becomes the tyrant. Thus it is that bad thoughts enter the heart; then bad wishes arise; then wrong deeds; until evil habits rule. 'It is the first step that leads astray'; if the first step is not taken, the second will never be known.

It is the first glass that is the first step in the path of drunkenness.—'National Advocate.'

Christians who have only enough grace to keep their heads above water will not be of much use in rescuing the perishing.

The Young Brahmin.

Five years ago, wrote Mrs. Capron, in 1875, as I was one day visiting a sick infant, I was asked to go to a Brahmin lawyer's house and see his sick child. I consented, and found that the 'child,' was a young man about twenty-five, in the last stages of consumption. I have often recalled that visit, and wondered if the World's Redeemer, in his need of someone to carry a message of his saving love and power, had responded to the weak faith of that dying man, and kindled it into saving faith; and if somewhere among the eternal hills I should ever see him again—would he ever tell me that Jesus had paid his debt, and had met him on his very dying day with salvation and heaven?

What if I had not gone that morning? One day, two months after our return from America, a young brother of the consumptive called. I had not seen him for three years, and had been wondering why he had not given us a welcome. He gave the reason.

'I have been away from this place, having been employed as a clerk. My father sent for me to come home. Do you remember,' he continued, 'coming to our house some years ago to see my brother, who soon after died?'

'Certainly,' I replied; 'I could not forget that visit if I would.'

'Now,' he went on to say, 'my only other brother has come to the same age, and has been brought home from the Cumbum Valley, and is just as he was. He sent me to ask if you will come and see him this afternoon.'

'I can come,' I replied; 'but, if he is like your other brother, I could not hope to help him to get well.'

Speaking very rapidly he continued: 'My brother knows a great deal—I mean that he has read many of your kind of books. It is not medicine, but to see you, that he wants.'

So I went. It was the same house—the same dignified father at the door—the same mother bursting into tears as she saw me. A young sister had grown into beautiful womanhood; but that young man, very like his brother, wasted and panting, with large, searching eyes, was not, apparently, so nearly through with life.

I sat down on a couch beside him; I had never seen him before. 'Well, my young friend,' I said, 'I have been here before, on very much such an errand.'

'I know it. I remember it well. I have always remembered it. You did not see me. I stood out of your sight, behind that pillar, there, and I heard every word that you said. Your visit did my brother great good. I knew that you would come and see me if I asked you. I want you to come often.'

I told him that nothing could save him from ere long making that great change called death, but what might be to him, if he would, an entrance into eternal life. If I came often my one purpose would be to make him know a free salvation and a living Saviour ready to save. His, 'Thank you,' and an expressive smile were the only responses.

It was most trying to endure the restraint of his mother's presence, and especially that of his grandfather. He was a polite old man, who sat directly in front of me, and was looking at me all the time. I could not

expect much, if any, response from my listener, before such an audience. His time was short, and whether he revealed his feelings or not, I must, with my own clearer light, see him who is invisible, and see him then and there, and try to lead a blinded soul to feel after him.

He was a rare listener, and often said, 'True'; 'I understand you'; but the lips revealed nothing more. When I arose to leave, he eagerly asked when I would come again. The daughter called the father, who, with the usual ceremony, brought in a large brass salver with rock-candy, areca nut, and betel leaf, which I duly honored, and left.

I had made two more visits, and had been tottered by the same group, when one morning he was announced as being at our own door. In his restlessness he had fancied going to a village five miles up the river, where his father owned a house, and where, on higher land, the air would be more dry. His family gratified him, and were going with him. He was on his way, but wished to see me, to know if I would come so far to see him if he should send for me. I promised to do so, and two days after his brother brought his message and carried back the promise that I would come on Friday afternoon.

A mere cart-path on the uneven bed of the river is the usual way to the village. The thoughtful villagers, knowing that this would be a hard ride, had proposed that I should take the road along the side of the river until I came to the crossing opposite the village, from which they would send a native cart to meet me, as better adapted to the rough road than the slender wheels of my conveyance. This was done; and not only were men sent to ease the wheels over the places of jolting, but festoons of leaves were hung across the street; 'for this,' they said, 'is your first visit.'

I took note of this with much hopefulness, for it assured me that I should not suffer interruption in what I had determined to do. I felt sure that this would be the last meeting on earth, and nothing that I could do must be left undone. The journey had been too much for him, and he was evidently aware that he was near death.

In trying to show him how to give himself to Christ, I asked him if it was any rest or comfort to him that I was in the village.

'Rest and comfort!' said he. 'How can I tell what a rest!'

If I could only have such a bright response should I ask him if he had found rest in Christ, what a load of anxiety would be taken away. I told him that the One whose presence in that village, in that house, by our side, I had longed for, was my Saviour, and would be his Saviour. I was now going to tell this very Saviour what I wanted for him, and thus he would be better able to ask for himself.

'Do, do; I want that!' was his reply.

We were in a wide passage-way leading from the front to the back verandah. Six or eight men were talking softly on the front one, and I gently pushed to the door; some women were on the one behind, and I asked the mother to partly close the door. She only was with us.

I said, 'I am now going to ask the Lord Jesus, sent from heaven, to save us from our sin, and to bring us safely to God and heaven, to save you.'

'A great comfort,' was his response. So I prayed; and after every sentence he would say, 'Lord, this is what I want'; 'Do so, O Lord'; 'Yes, yes, even so'; 'For me, also'; 'True, true.'

Mediator I have found to be a favorite word among my Hindu friends, and using the expression, 'A Mediator between God, so holy and awful in his glory, and us, even this soul, here, art thou, and we cling to thee,' he fervently responded, 'I do! I do!'

I never was in such a scene in my life. So long as this voice sounded in my ears, so long I felt as if I were holding him by the hand, and as if every step were bringing him nearer the waiting Saviour.

When I arose from my knees, his eyes were closed and his hands folded. Both doors had been opened, and all who were without had come in. As I looked at the row standing behind me, and recognized those between whom and myself had been a special experience, I thought of the words, 'And they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.'

Not a word was spoken. I laid my hand upon the forehead of the precious young friend. He opened his eyes and looked intently at me, and then closed them.

I was guided across the river in silence, and a quiet salaam ended the visit to that village. Sunday noon he died.

A Norwegian Landlord and his Bible.

One of the Lord's servants was travelling, some years ago, through a part of the Scandinavian peninsula. He had to stop for a short time to change horses, in a poor village in Norway. He went into the lower room of the little inn, but found no one there, for the occupants were all in the fields busy with the harvest. But as in those parts the traveller is accustomed to carry his provisions with him, he could easily dispense with the presence of the landlord and his servants. He served himself, and afterwards gave himself up to his own thoughts.

It then occurred to him to see whether the people of the house had a bible, and whether they, who were so active in their earthly calling, would prove to be equally so with regard to their heavenly one. He sought and sought, till at length he found the holy book in a corner cupboard, but it was covered with the dust of years.

Just then they told him the horses were ready. Must he then leave the house in which the word of God was to be found, but where it had not become a savor of life unto life to the inmates? He had some tracts with him, and among them one on the subject of bible reading. This he determined to leave behind him, and before quitting the room he placed it in the table drawer.

A year later his journeying brought him into the same district and to the same house; he entered it, curious to know whether the tract he had secretly introduced, had produced any and what effect. What did he see? A change had come over everything; the room before so gloomy and dirty, presented now a friendly aspect. The table and benches had been cleaned, and there, with the bible open, which had been so long forgotten, sat the old landlord. The traveller with a secretly rejoicing heart, sat down opposite him.

'You have chosen the good part,' he said. 'Have you been acquainted with this treasure long?' 'Ah, no,' answered the old man, with a sigh, 'not long, unfortunately, hardly for a year.' 'How did you find it, then?' he asked. 'Ah,' replied the man, 'this little book called my attention to it—I found it about a year ago in my table-drawer, and since then I have learned what a treasure I have in this book. O, my beloved bible!'

'Yes,' replied the traveller, 'God has shown you the greatest of all treasures, only use it rightly, and it will make you a happy man for time and eternity.' This landlord, for some months, had been afflicted with dropsy, and had been obliged to sit, day and night, in his arm-chair. But he received the bitter cup with patience, and died a few weeks later, with his mind so cheered, and comforted by his reading of the bible that his death was a means of blessing and edification to the whole neighborhood. — 'Christian Herald.'

A Scandalous Story.

The following facts occurred, mainly as they are told here, about a year ago, in a Western town:

A vivacious, self-willed girl of sixteen years of age, whom we shall call Mary, because we cannot give her real name, grew tired of the restraints laid on her by a strict father and an invalid mother, and gave herself a holiday. Without a chaperone she took the train one evening to a neighboring city, and spent two days with a friend.

One of her classmates going to Mary's home, found the family in great distress and excitement, and hurried to school delighted to have a stirring piece of news to tell.

'Mary Dash has run away! She was seen on the train going to Chicago last night!'

'Alone?' asked a girl, who had been Mary's rival at school.

'Oh! I think so.'

The second girl, when she left the school, wished to give a more racy flavor to her news. Meeting a young man who knew them both, she said:—

'Mary Dash ran away last night! Don't ask me if she went alone! I can't tell you!' and she hurried on, giggling significantly.

The young man was a reporter who furnishes items to a scurrilous journal. He knew how welcome to it would be a disgraceful story concerning the daughter of one of the citizens of the town. Hurrying to his office he gave the facts with questionings and surmises. The article appeared in a column of the paper, headed, 'Possible Elopement of Miss Mary Dash. It is thought her companion was a well-known man about town!' Then followed an imaginary detailed account of the girl's flight.

A neighbor who saw the paper rushed with it to Mary's mother, who for months had been a victim of nervous prostration. The shock was more than her weak frame could bear. She sank rapidly and died before Mary's return on the following day.

The murderer who by a bullet or knife kills his victim, ordinarily finds reason to regret it in a criminal court. Three or more persons were directly or indirectly guilty of this woman's death, and the ruin of her daughter's life.—Youth's Companion.'

Systematic Giving.

Dr. Hamlin, the veteran missionary of Constantinople, says recently of its working in Turkey:—

'You take a poor, miserable beggar, as I have known some instances—a beggar who has become converted — and apply to him that iron system of tithing, which the Oriental world loves and always has loved, and perhaps always will love, and make that beggar, as the one condition of enjoying the privileges of the gospel, give one-tenth of what he begs, and as much more as you can make him give, and in a short time he will not be a beggar; in a short time he will support himself, and in circumstances comparatively comfortable. Why, give a man something higher than himself to live for, and you immediately elevate him intellectually, even physically. You give him a better economy and more power to work; you give him more than intellectual power; you give him a spiritual power, and you invest him with the almighty providence of God. You cannot keep the man down where he was; he will rise every way; and he will become a worker.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Best Boy in Town.

(By Julia MacNair Wright.)

'There goes Carl Bode, the best boy in town.'

'What has he done to merit that title?' asked the stranger who stood among a group of men who were watching the putting in place of a new clock on the courthouse tower.

'Came by the Bode's back door an hour ago. Carl was on the step and the four younger children were hanging to his arms, neck and legs to keep him from leaving them. They'd rather an hour's play with Carl than go to the circus. Never was a boy so kind, careful and thoughtful for his brothers and sisters. When his mother broke her leg last year Carl took all the care of the children, dressed them, put them to bed, curled Eva's hair, got them off to school, church and sunday-school; the mother never had a thought of care for six weeks.'

'Yes, Carl's a wonderful sticker to what he undertakes. Mighty smart for a boy, too, all same as a man,' said Job Huxon. 'When his father was overseeing some work for the Dell Brothers—mighty particular men — he got sick, but he didn't lose the job, for that Carl went down and begged them to try him in his father's place for just two days, to see if he wasn't capable; an', sir, he carried the hull thing through, well as his dad would ha' done; so there wasn't a cent of salary lost.'

'Carl's got a character, he's so upright,' said Deacon Gray. 'There ain't a man in town but would take that boy's word. He's clean-mouthed, and scrupulous about what he says, and too observin' to be easy mistaken. Them Bodes has got the riches of the Indies in that boy. He was born good, and has been brought up good.'

'Beat all how he worked that temperance affair through,' said Mr. Smart.

'Let us hear about that,' said the stranger.

'You see, we're a tolerable moral behaved town, but we had never took much stock in the temperance question. Mr. Bett is one of our richest men, and he is public-spirited and liberal. He owns the hotel and runs a bar, Farmers Bass and Little are large shareholders in our banks and Building Association, and they don't care to have people stirred up against their selling their apples and corn and hops over to Combash to the distillery. It's a near hand steady market.

Naturally when a temperance lecturer came here to start a 'Sons' ' and a 'Boys' Band,' and so on, and got the women stirred up to a W. C. T. U., why, we all went to hear him respectfully, and clapped when we ought to clap, but when he called for signers, why we all sat back. After a little up comes Carl Bode, modest like, and, says he, 'I'll sign. I believe in it, and it will please mother, and brother Rufe will sign, too.' So them two kids signed. Deacon Gray he followed suit, and so on about twenty more. Then the lecturer called for men to form a Sons,' ' but no one wanted to come forward; we're kind o' sot in our ways here, and slow to ketch on. The lecturer he talked sharp on to half an hour, nigh wore himself out, and not a one come up. Then down the aisle again comes Carl. "Mister, can't you arrange a Boys' Band?" he says, "so long as the men don't want to be 'Sons.' In a few years the Band will grow up into 'Sons' for you. Put me and Rufe down for starting a Band." Well, the lecturer looked mighty comforted, and put 'em down; but then no more come up for all his urging. "What will you do, boys?" he said. "You can't make a Band alone, can you?" Carl speaks out. "Can't you join us to a Band in some other place, and we'll be members by letter. If it's right to do it, we want to do it, whether others take hold or not." Well, you see, the men and boys had been a-weakening, seeing the stand Carl took, with his brother following his lead. Mr. Bode, he had got in late. Says he: "My boys shan't stand alone; I'm in for helping them." Then, stranger, what do you think? Out of them galleries the men and boys just rattled down like peas out of a pod, and came crowding along to be formed into 'Sons of Temperance' and a 'Boys' Band.' We got two good organizations and a Woman's Society, too, and its all owing to Carl Bode, 'cause he's got principle and backbone and sand in him, and whatsoever else tends to make a fellow manly and useful—that's Carl Bode.'

'A model boy he must be, I wish there were more like him,' said the stranger. — 'Youths' Temperance Banner.'

Uncle Silas' Investigation.

Towards the end of June one of the village maidens returned from a sojourn in the city, and among a number of revolutionary ideas, brought with her a firm faith in Christian Endeavor, to which she gave expression in very definite terms on the first night of her arrival at home. When this news spread abroad in the village, as it very speedily did, it created no small sensation, and so agitated was one of the elders of the church lest the lambs of the flock might be unsettled by the tidings of this dangerous thing that he determined to take the opportunity of having judgment pronounced against it once for all at the coming week night prayer meeting. Consequently, on Thursday evening, when the people were gathered in the church, and the usual hour had been spent in devotional exercises, old Elder Brown, familiarly known as Uncle Silas, rose in his place, and said he wished to make a few remarks. He had heard, he proceeded that one of the young people had lately come back from the city, and brought with her some very peculiar notions; notions that threatened to disturb the peace and quietness of Zion if they became current. He trusted that the minister would take this opportunity to pronounce final judgment against this Christian Endeavor idea, which was being so much talked about, as foolish, unscriptural, and a thing to be avoided. Having thus relieved himself of his responsibility, Elder Brown, resumed his seat with the air of a man who had saved his country from impending ruin.

The Rev. Ezra Trusty seemed perplexed for a moment, but presently spoke as follows:—'Brethren, you all know how strongly opposed I am to anything not in harmony with God's word. You will remember how, figuratively speaking, I set my foot down upon a melodeon, because I could find no scriptural warrant for its use in the service of praise. I heartily sympathize with Elder Brown in his desire to preserve our little Zion from the disturbing entrance of any human and unscriptural element; but, brethren, I cannot pronounce judgment, honestly, upon a thing I know so little about. If Elder Brown can give me more definite in-

formation I will consider the matter carefully.'

But Uncle Silas only muttered something about there being 'no Christian Endeavor in the Auld Kirk.' Then Elder Gray, the father of the revolutionary lassie, arose to speak. 'I think our minister is right,' he began, 'we cannot condemn something of which we are entirely ignorant. But I have a suggestion to make. My lassie tells me that next month there will be a convention of this society in Washington, the capital of the United States, where all its work will be fully explained. Now let us send someone to investigate at that convention and report to us on his return. Perhaps Elder Silas Brown would be willing to go himself.

It was a bold idea, and the sound of importance it bore had a wonderful fascination, so that when the brethren regained their breath, they found themselves nodding their approval. All eyes were then centred on Elder Brown, who, summoning up his dignity, rose to the occasion. 'Brethren,' he said, 'I recognize the justice of our minister's remarks, and the wisdom of Elder Gray's suggestion, and I am willing if it is your wish to assume the responsibility of investigating this thing for the sake of our church; and you may depend upon me to sift it to the bottom.' Thus it came about that Uncle Silas Brown was appointed a commission of investigation from the Rallytown Presbyterian Church, to the Washington convention.

Uncle Silas little thought of what he was undertaking, or he might have hesitated before offering his services so freely; but with his hand once upon the plough his Scotch pride would not let him turn back. Only once, since when a lad he had made his home amid the forests of northern Ontario, had he been 'Outside,' and then it was but to the fall fair in the country town. So when he found himself a stranger in Toronto, amid trolleys, and bicycles, and other newfangled things, he began to feel lonely and bewildered, and to wonder if he would ever get home again alive. He managed to find the ticket agent's office, and was halting between buying a yard of ticket to Washington, or a little buff card back to Rallytown, when help arrived on the scene in the form of a man of average height, with a short red beard, and clad in a dark-colored bicycle suit. This individual overheard Uncle Silas enquiring about Washington, and said to him, 'Well, sir, are you going with us to the convention ?' Uncle Silas surveyed him from head to foot and began, 'Well, mister, I don't know who you be; but if you're one of those bunco men, we read about, why——,' but here the ticket agent interrupted, 'Oh! that gentleman's all right, Mr. Brown; he is the Ontario excursion manager, and if you put yourself under his care you are sure to enjoy the trip.' Thus reassured Uncle Silas bought his ticket to Washington, and submitted himself to the guardianship of 'the man in boy's pants,' as he afterwards described him.

There is not space to tell you about the journey, and all the old man's strange experiences; but before he reached Washington Uncle Silas had to admit to himself that he had never met a more respectful, kindly lot of young people than his fellow-travellers. 'If all Christian Endeavorers are like these, they are not so bad as I thought,' was the first entry he made in his note book, as a result of his investigations.

The welcome he received at Washington from the warm-hearted friends at Canadian Headquarters, very nearly won him over from the position of an impartial investigator; but when on Wednesday evening he wandered into one of the prayer-meetings, and saw a woman stand on the platform, and heard her speak, his conservative soul was inexpressibly shocked, and he was driven from the hall in his old role of a doubting critic. When he reached his billet this note was entered in his book, 'They allow the women to speak in public, contrary to Paul's teaching.'

He was too late for the sunrise prayer-meeting on Thursday morning, but 9.30 found him seated in Tent Endeavor ready to criticize everything. He was feeling severe after his experience of the night before, and when the great choir began to sing 'Let a little sunshine in,' he shook his old gray head in emphatic disapproval. This was not one of the Psalms of David. But as the audience took up the chorus of the sweet new song, and sent it pealing through the tent, the spirit of it seized him, and he found himself beating time to the music with his programme. Then followed the devotional exercises, and the heart of Uncle Silas felt a tingle of sympathy as he joined with the gathered thousands in reverent worship. More singing, and then Secretary Baer, with his bright, happy face, stepped to the front to read his annual report. With ever growing wonder Uncle Silas listened to the facts and figures telling of the great growth of the movement, that fell in rapid succession from the speaker's lips. So intense was his interest that he forgot to be horrified at the applause which burst out so frequently round about him, and when he heard of England winning the banner for greatest actual increase of societies, his hands involuntarily met with a clap, and he only saved himself by the thought of what Rallytown session would say. But when the news followed that Scotland also had taken a banner, poor Uncle Silas could restrain himself no longer, session or no session, and bringing his two horny palms together gave vent to his feelings in thunderous applause, that quite startled the little lady seated beside him. From then on Uncle Silas ceased to be the impartial investigator, and became the sympathetic student; and this entry went down in his notebook, 'If Scotland thinks so well of it there must be something good in Christian Endeavor.'

So meeting by meeting, and bit by bit, his prejudices were overcome, as the spirit of the convention captured him and taught him that Christian Endeavor was no newer nor more unscriptural than the life of Christ himself. One objection, however, remained in his notebook which had yet to be overcome. That was concerning women speakers. On Sunday afternoon he sought the Presbyterian Missionary rally in Tent Endeavor, and to his horror the first speaker introduced was a woman. He would have gotten up and out if he could, but he was in the middle of a seat with a score on either side, and one of those cards staring him in the face that read:—

> 'Be unselfish, and do not speak or move about during the session, as you disturb the whole convention.

So he kept his seat reluctantly, and was compelled to listen. The speaker was Miss M. Catherine Jones, of New York, one of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church. She had a clear, sympathetic voice that reached the farthest corner of the tent, and Uncle Silas found himself unwillingly interested as he listened to her touching description of the hardships and difficulties of the western mission fields. Presently two tears stole from his eyes and rolled slowly down his cheeks, while his heart warmed with sympathy for the thousands of hungry ones who do not know the Bread of Life. And then, as Miss Jones finished her earnest pleading he wiped his eyes and wrote this in his book, 'If Paul could have heard Miss Jones, I believe he would have changed his mind. I have, anyway.' Thus the last barrier was swept away.

And Monday evening came; and Uncle Silas went with part of the Canadian delegation to one of the three tents. No longer the critic, he felt now as though he were in very deed an Endeavorer. New aspirations stirred his old heart; he longed to take back to Rallytown some of the life and earnestness, and power that characterized this convention. The consecration service was a new experience to him, but it was a sweet one, and when he stood up with the rest in response to the roll call he inwardly pledged himself to serve his Master with renewed zeal and faithfulness when he returned to his village home.

So the convention closed, and the commission of investigation returned to Rallytown. But it went back a different man, with a new message. The little church was crowded when Elias rose to deliver his report. The news of his journey and mission had spread throughout the countryside, and folk who had not entered the church for years were there, curious to hear the result of his investigation. I cannot tell you all he said, for he said much, but this was the conclusion of the whole matter; 'Brethren, I have investigated this organization from top to bottom. And at the top of it I find that Jesus Christ reigns supreme; and at the bottom of it I find the bible as a strong foundation; and in between I find earnest, godly men and women ready and fitted for the service. So the recommendation of this committee of investigation is that a Christian Endeavor society be at once organized in Rallytown.' And I have no doubt if you visit that little village to-day, you will find that the recommendation has been carried out.—'Endeavor Herald.'

Otis Kent's Courage.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'If I only was little!'

The voice was full of plaintive distress. But Otis Kent did not believe what it said. He was proud of the big, sinewy, iron-clad frame he was looking at so dubiously in the mirror. He was proud of the splendid display of muscle that appeared as he doubled his arm, and of the whole thickset figure of Otis Kent. And he knew he was proud of it. But he shook his fist at the boy in the glass, and scolded him for being so big and strong.

'If I were a little, namby-pamby kid, there wouldn't be any trouble!' he cried, viciously. 'They wouldn't want you on their old football team. They'd never dream of asking you! And then you could go to the games and look on and toss your hat up and yell and be happy. You wouldn't feel like a great booby—pouf!'

He turned away and tried to translate his 'Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est,' but it only inflamed his temper still more, for wasn't Caesar a regular fighter? Wouldn't he have made a splendid football man? Huh, you couldn't imagine him standing round on the edges of the gridiron with his hands in his pockets and his regular clothes on! Caesar'd have been with padded trousers, and with nose-protector, plumb in the middle of the scrimmage, that's where he'd have been!

Otis kicked the 'commentaries' across the room, and followed its ignominious course with angry eyes.

This brought the mantel-piece within his

range of vision, and the sweet, thin face on it was looking at him reproachfully. It looked tired and full of pain, too. The boy's own face softened suddenly, all the angry light went out of his blue eyes, until they looked like the gentle eyes in the face on the mantel. Both faces had the same curves and the same straight noses and strong, determined chins. But the boy's face was glowing with the glory of life and health, and the other one—how frail and pitiful it was! The seal of unremitting pain was on it.

Otis went after the book, and kissed the other face gently, on the way. It was used to his impulsive little caresses, and smiled back at him bravely.

'Well, it's worth the while,' he said, emphatically. 'And it's a mighty good thing you're a big Goliath of a chap, my boy, with that to do.'

There was something in his voice when he said 'that' that told you whatever it was, it meant a great deal to Otis Kent.

'You've got strength enough for two, old man! Now, go at your Caesar, will you?'

And he fell at his translation with stiff resolution. All Gaul was divided into three parts with astounding ease, and the Belgians and Acquitanians were inhabiting their parts, and the Gauls on the threshold of theirs before Otis remembered that it was dinner time. Then the Gauls had to wait.

Isom Academy had no boarding-house on its trim little campus, and the boys took their meals at different clubs down street. Otis's club was half a mile away.

He was tramping along at the swinging pace that his big vitality delighted in, when he 'ran down' two fellows who were enthusiastic members of the new football team. They were talking too earnestly to notice who Otis was—so many boys were passing them on their way to dinner. But Otis noticed them and heard just that ill-fated moment the words they were speaking.

'He's a coward!' Lee Titus was saying, scornfully.

'Reg'lar built!' agreed Jed Peabody. 'An' look at him, will you? Five feet nine in his stockings, and the strongest chap in the gym. He's a 'fraid-cat, that's what Otis Kent is!'

'Umph! 'fraid of breaking his precious—' but Otis had swung on out of hearing, with burning cheeks and wrathful eyes. He had subdued his eager impulse to pitch into those two boys with a mighty effort, because—well, because of the thin, sweet face he had kissed a little while before. But his fists were clinched so tightly that his nails brought the blood in his palms. It was well into the afternoon before he 'cooled off.'

'After all, you can't blame 'em,' he exclaimed in the privacy of his pleasant little room. 'If it don't look cowardly, then I don't know what! I'd say so myself.'

But that didn't help matters much, and, as the term advanced, and the boys gave up urging Otis to join the team, and went actively about their practicing without him, he grew morose and unapproachable. The old merry, boyish spirit was gone, and the bitter, shamed one that had come to take its place was not becoming to Otis Kent.

Little by little all the 'fellows' drew away from him, and left him a 'regular outcast,' he told himself, angrily. He kept to his room and his studies, even going to his beloved 'gym' only at hours when he could have it practically to himself. When he had it all to himself he practiced football all alone! Poor boy! He was an enthusiastic admirer of the rough-and-tumble game, and knew its rules and regulations by heart. Its dangers and wild boistorousness appealed to his big strength and animation irresistibly. Its very cruelty woke up his animal courage and inborn pugnacity. How he longed to be in the middle of the fight only Otis Kent knew, and he kept it stiffly from the little academy world.

If the boys could only have known just how it was!

The term was midway through when the great match game between the Isoms and the Lupton boys came off. There had been untiring practice on both sides. Otis had watched the home team from his window, which overlooked the gridiron. Every move in the game — every manoeuvre — was familiar to him, and his own muscles and limbs ached in the intense sympathy he felt for the game. But he had made up his mind rigidly not to go to Lupton to see the match. His cheeks burned with shame at the thought of going as a 'rooter'—he would be in the scrimmage or nowhere. At any rate he could stay at home and get his lessons like a good boy, he thought bitterly.

Perhaps, after all, this terrible half-term of Otis Kent's had not been without its advantages to him. Had he ever studied so hard? Had the sweet, pale face at home ever smiled so much over the excellent reports from headquarters? Otis was really getting to be a scholar—Otis, to think of it!

At the last minute on the great day of the great match, Otis's courage gave out. He had watched the fellows all go off in merry, shouting squads, and then he had settled doggedly down to work. But that had lasted just one half-hour. Then he knew he could not stay away from the game—he must go.

He caught up his cap and trundled out his wheel. Lupton was a good four miles away, but he was a famous 'scorcher,'—he would get there in time, after all. But, alas, the frailty of hopes founded on wheels! Otis's bicycle came to grief after a mile or so of riding, and he had to walk the rest of the way. When he reached the Lupton ball grounds the game was under way. He got the score from somebody, and then went away by himself and entered into the wild, cruel melee with everything but his strong, young body. And how that longed to enter in!

It was a terrible game. One boy after another went down, most of them to be borne off the field in stoical suffering.

'Those Lups are mean sluggers!' panted Otis, indignantly. 'They're not playing fair!'

In one of the crises of the game the Isoms lost their best player, and great was the mourning—not for his sprained knee, oh, no! but because now the game was lost. Nobody could take his place. All the best substitutes were already in use.

Then Jed Peabody spied Otis on the outskirts of the crowd.

'Oh, say, Ote,' he cried, hurrying up to him, with pleading in his tired, moist face. 'I say, old fellow, come in and help us out. We're in awful straits. All the subs but Nate Reid are out in the field, and Nate's no good. Oh, come on, Ote! We need you like sixty! I know you haven't practiced with us, but you know the ropes all right—come, hurry!'

And Jed was dragging him off—and Otis was going. But he stopped half-way across the field.

'I can't, lemme go, Jed Peabody,' he said hoarsely. The light of a great struggle was in his eyes, he was so near yielding!

'Come on, I tell you!' shouted Jed, fiercely. 'It's your chance to redeem yourself. Save the game for Isom and the fellows will carry you home on their shoulders. Come on!'

'I — can't—' gasped poor Otis. For the sweet face of his mother came between him and Jed's stormy, imperative face, and he set his teeth with a despairing grind.

'I can't, Jed Peabody—go get Nate Reid!' he said.

'Coward!' hissed Jed between his teeth.

Otis found his disabled wheel and trundled it home at a fierce stride, never stopping for all the four miles. He went to his room with a bitter, unreconciled heart, but the dear, frail picture-face was there on the mantel-piece to greet him, and under it a yellow envelope, that terrible cover that strikes terror to the stoutest heart.

'Come home at once,' the despatch read. 'Your mother is very sick.'

With the sudden overwhelming grief and horror in Otis Kent's soul was mingled a great thankfulness that he was not playing football on the Lupton gridiron.

He went away on the fastest train he could get, and when he came back again four weeks afterward to take the examinations, the bitterness was gone out of his manly face, and a great sadness was in its place. For now he had but the picture of the beautiful suffering face left to him. The other face—the living one—was gone out of his world to live in God's.

The boys met him at the depot—so many of them! He could not understand. He had lost the game at Lupton for them, he firmly believed, and he knew how that loss had grieved the boys. But he did not know that good old Doctor Tupper had made a little speech to them that night after the defeat. He had not known—how could he?—that the Doctor had said:

'Boys, there are two kinds of courage, and the one that defies insult and derision for the sake of a little invalid mother at home is the right kind. That's Otis Kent's kind of courage. I tell you, the boy's a hero, instead of what you call him—a coward! I tell you he has a little, frail, sweet mother at home, and because he knew the least shock might kill her, and because he loved her better than himself, he bore all your taunts and scorn instead of winning your applause. It was no promise that bound him—it was love. That's courage!'

And—but Otis did not know it—the good old doctor's face had glowed with enthusiasm. 'I found it all out to-day. And to-day his mother is dying,' he had concluded gravely.

So the boys met Otis at the station—so many of them! And though they did not carry him home on their shoulders, they tramped home beside him, and behind him, and before him, and talked and laughed in the friendliest way in the world, till the boy's sore, stricken heart was comforted.

'Cast Thy Burden on the Lord'

(By Rev. G. D. Coloman, in 'Golden Rule.')

A well known English evangelist, when engaged upon a work which seemed to call upon him for a more than usual exercise of faith, received what seems like a most tender answer from God.

His little daughter, who was a paralytic, was sitting in her chair as he entered the house with a package in his hands for his wife. Going up to her, and kissing her, he asked, 'Where is mother?'

'Mother is upstairs.'

'Well, I have a package for her.'

'Let me carry the package to mother.'

'Why, Minnie dear, how can you carry the package? You cannot carry yourself.'

With a smile on her face, Minnie said, 'O no, papa; but you give me the package, and I will carry the package, and you will carry me.'

Taking her in his arms, he carried her upstairs, the little Minnie, and the package too. But it came to him that this was just his position in the work in which he was engaged. He was carrying his burden, but was not God carrying him?

Frank Netherton's Holiday.

(By Ena Samore, in 'Silver Link.')

CHAPTER I.

'I am truly sorry, Frank, but I fear that it cannot be done,' Mrs. Netherton said, sadly.

The pale lad, just recovering from serious illness, moved restlessly on the hard, uncomfortable couch, suppressing a sigh.

'Never mind, mother,' he replied, and though the disappointment was very great, he tried to speak cheerfully. 'I hope to grow stronger every day, and when I am at work again we shall do better.'

'Yes, and Frank, dear, your holiday must not be lost, only deferred a while; we will save the money yet. I have a plan by which we may accomplish it. We will set the old-fashioned money-box out upon the shelf, and every penny that can be spared will go into it, towards your travelling fund.'

FRANK SAW A GENTLEMAN RIDING TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

'Yes, that will be first-rate,' replied Frank, smiling up into his mother's anxious face. But when Mrs. Netherton had left him he turned his head towards the window and looked into the dingy street, while a few tears, of which he felt heartily ashamed, trickled down his pallid cheeks, so intense had become the longing for a breath of pure air and a sight of the green fields.

'One day in the country, and I believe I should grow strong!' he murmured, dejectedly. 'But, oh! what a coward I am! Mother must not suspect that I feel so.'

And Frank was glad when his sister Ella came in from school, with some childish grief to be soothed and comforted. In the effort to cheer her he conquered vain regret, and when Mrs. Netherton returned, carrying a heavy bundle of work she had walked a long distance to secure, she was greeted with merry tones, and shrill, childish laughter.

Then pence fell slowly into the box upon the shelf, for the times were hard, and Frank's long illness had 'put things back' a little.

'You will be able to go by Christmas time, I hope,' Mrs. Netherton said, when Michaelmas had come and gone, and the money was not saved. Then, as the nights grew longer, and they gathered round their tiny fire after the day's work was done, she spoke of the beauty of frost-bespangled trees (her brother was a forester, as his father had been before him), of broad glades carpeted with pure, unsullied snow, of skating on the frozen lake—and then the quiet evenings, with odorous pine logs on the glowing fire, and nuts and apples in bountiful supply — till Frank began to think that winter was the best time for his holiday after all.

But alas! the cold dull days brought scarcity of work; even the necessary things of life could hardly be obtained and Frank's money-box was empty before Christmas Eve.

'I would write and ask your uncle to advance your railway fare,' said Mrs. Netherton, troubled about her son's disappointment. 'He would do it, I'm sure, but then——'

'No, mother,' said Frank, resolutely. 'Uncle has already done so much; my holiday must wait.' For a large hamper of good things had arrived from the country but a few days before. So they ate their Christmas feast with gladness, in joyous celebration of God's greatest gift; then counted the number of weeks before Eastertide.

'Spring is the most prosperous season of the year, by Easter Day it shall be done,' Mrs. Netherton declared; 'if God permit,' she added reverently.

CHAPTER II.

It was accomplished. A week before Easter the old money-box was full.

'Enough for the double railway journey, and two shillings for pocket money,' Mrs. Netherton said, when the happy task of emptying out and counting up the pence had been performed. But Frank looked at the little heap of coppers rather dubiously.

'Are you sure it can be spared, mother?' he enquired.

'Yes, quite sure,' Mrs. Netherton answered quickly. 'And your holiday comes none too soon,' looking tenderly at the tall, pale lad, for Frank, who was growing rapidly, had never fully recovered his strength, and the variable spring weather tried him greatly. With a sigh of rapture and relief, he shut the coppers into a large, worn pocket-book, and began with a glad heart to make the necessary preparations. On the day before Good Friday he would start.

Though Easter was early that year, the weather had been bright and mild. Then came a sudden change, a keen wind from the north brought winter back again. On Palm Sunday the sun shone brilliantly once more, while the streets were slushy and slippery with half-melted snow.

'Not ready for school, Ellie?' Frank Netherton said, entering cap in hand to find his sister still seated on a low stool by the fire. 'Come quickly or we shall be late. The walking is bad, but I shall not let you fall,' he added brightly, when the little girl did not move.

'Ella is not going this morning,' Mrs. Netherton interposed.

'Not going? How is that?' and looking keenly at his sister as she turned her head aside, Frank saw a trembling hand steal up to dash away a tear.

'What is it, mother?'

Mrs. Netherton wished that her son had not asked this question, for only one answer could be given.

'My dear, I did not mean to let you know, but'—with a brave, bright smile—'it is shoes. Had the weather continued fine and dry, we might have risked another walk to school, but to-day it was impossible. Do not look so troubled, Frank. The difficulty may be surmounted by the time that you return.'

Frank went round and kissed his sister's cheek. Then kissed his mother and hurried from the room; but his face was very sober as he walked quickly down the street.

At school his attention wandered, and he sat silent in the class fighting a battle with himself, and the victory was hard to win. 'I cannot give up my holiday! Oh, I cannot, the shoes must wait,' he almost concluded, and raising his head, endeavored to thrust aside unwelcome thoughts. Then his teacher's concluding words fell distinctly on his ear—

'Boys, this is the time when we commemorate the one great Sacrifice! Christ gave himself for us, what can we do for him?'

These words—the only part of the lesson Frank had really understood—thrilled his heart with pain, yet with a strange, sweet joy. And he had hesitated to give up his holiday! Well, he would hesitate no longer, Ella should have her shoes.

CHAPTER III.

It is August, and intensely hot. Even Frank, who has his holiday at last, is glad to sit quietly in the deep porch of the keeper's cottage with a book upon his knee. But the book must be interesting indeed which could counterbalance the attraction of the beauty by which he was surrounded.

'August must be the best month, after all,' he cried, as his eyes wandered from the tiny

plot of brilliant flowers under the cottage casement to the widespread summer glory of the woods.

At that moment Frank saw a gentleman on horseback riding towards the house, whom he soon recognized as Squire Thurston, and he arose at his approach.

'Is Pearson in, my lad?' the squire asked, with a pleasant smile, acknowledging Frank's salute.

'No, sir; but I will summon him,' and before the squire could demur, Frank seized a horn and blew it lustily.

'That ought to bring him home,' laughed Mr. Thurston, while he soothed his steed which the noise had somewhat disquieted.

'Oh, sir, I forgot the horse!' Frank said, apologetically.

'No harm done, my lad. He is all right now,' and the squire dismounted. 'Will you hold him, while I speak to Pearson? But you are not country bred,' looking with interest on the pale, intelligent face, as Frank came to take the bridle. 'Shall you mind?'

'I am glad to do it, sir.'

'Thank you. Ah, there is Pearson coming, I see.' But there was time for a question or two about home and mother before the squire followed his keeper into the cottage.

'That is your nephew, is it not?' asked the squire, when business was concluded.

The keeper glanced through the diamond-paned casement to where Frank stood softly patting the horse's glossy neck, and replied in the affirmative.

'I remember his mother. Do you think she is doing well in London?' the squire asked abruptly.

Pearson looked up quickly. 'That, sir, I can hardly tell, the boy does not complain, yet there are things which make me fear that she is worse off than I thought.'

'I'll enquire,' Mr. Thurston said, 'because I need a lodge-keeper for the west gate of the park.'

'Surely Dame Ellis is not leaving, sir?'

'Indeed she is. Her son has returned from abroad and wishes his mother to live with him. There is no one about here who could fill her place. If your sister could do so I should be glad.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the keeper, gratefully, 'I am almost certain that she will.'

Then Frank was taken into conference. His radiant face when the proposal was put before him, was sufficient warrant for further proceeding.

'Go to London yourself, Pearson, and talk it over with your sister. Frank can keep house meanwhile,' smiled the squire as he rode away.

* * * * * * *

It was Sunday morning. Frank stood at the lodge gate ready for church, waiting for his mother to appear. Broad bars of sunlight filtered through the boughs of giant trees, the song of birds mingled with the music of the bells, Frank was quiet with excess of happiness.

'Mother,' he whispered, as they walked across the park, 'if I had come at Easter, we might not have been here.'

Mrs. Netherton's eyes were filled with a sudden rush of tears as she murmured softly, '"I will go before you, and make crooked things straight."'

You can't jump away from your shadow, but if you turn to the sun your shadow is behind you, and if you stand under the sun, your shadow is beneath you. What we should try to do is to live under the meridian Sun, with our shadow, self, under our feet.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

The Books we Read.

(By S. V. Du Bois.)

'I read everything,' I heard a bright boy say recently. 'I just take whatever comes topmost and devour it.' 'But, Harry, have you no preference?' 'Why, yes, I rather think I like Indian stories best, and those tales where the cow-boys are riding over the plains pursued by robbers. Something wild and adventurous, you know. I read something startling recently, a robber deserted his band, but was captured, and for punishment they put him in a bag filled with rattlesnakes, where the fellow died. Now, what do you think of that?'

'It is too dreadful to read about,' was the answer.

Forming a taste in reading is a more serious business than most of us are apt to suppose. The books we read act upon the mind just as the food we eat acts upon the body. I have known a careless and desultory habit of reading formed in youth, to cling to a person all through life, rendering what might otherwise have been profitable and delightful matter to him a hopeless chaos. What would we think of a person who walked through a beautiful garden filled with rare and fragrant flowers, but who turned from them all, and gathered as his portion, noxious weeds. Sweet-toned birds are singing on every side, but he does not hear them, his eyes are bent upon the earth, where he has found a loathsome snake and a toad reposing together.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Peter Cooper.

Peter Cooper was a poor boy, and had very poor health. He had but little chance to get an education. He went to school only one year in his whole life, and in that year had to stay at home many days.

His father was a hatter, and at eight years of age young Peter spent his time in helping to earn a living 'in pulling hair from the skins of rabbits, which his father killed, to make the hat pulp.'

When he was about seventeen years of age he went to the great city of New York to see what he could do there. For some time he found nothing to do, and kept walking the streets in daytime trying to find employment. At length he met a carriagemaker, who took him as an apprentice for five years, giving him his board and two dollars per month.

We can see from this that he could have had but few of the comforts or even necessities of life; but, in the midst of toil and privation, he was heard to say, 'If ever I get money enough I will build a place where the poor girls and boys of this great city of New York may get an education free.' He was prospered, and lived to accumulate enough to build an institute, which bears his name, 'Cooper Institute.' Free schools of science, art, mathematics and practical engineering are open to youth of both sexes every evening; lectures are given, and a free reading-room and library are open to the public at all hours. Who can estimate the great amount of good it is doing yearly for the poor, who, but for him, must live in ignorance?—'Sunday-school Evangelist.'

Correspondence

Ipswich, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I attend the Baptist Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday. I think it a nice paper. Ipswich is an old historical town. It has beautiful scenery. My father works nearly a mile from home. I take him to and from his work. I can harness, unharness, and drive. Our horse is gentle. My grandmother lives with us, but is now visiting my aunt in Boston. We have a Junior League at our church, of which I am a member. I was chosen secretary for this quarter. My letter is getting long so I will close.

INEZ, age eleven.

Lower Onslow, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, but it is vacation now. Our school is a mile away. I live near Cobequid Bay, and when the tide is in we go to the shore and bathe. I have a brother who is on a large farm in Ontario, and another is a clerk in a dry goods store. The Isgonish River flows near our home. Its banks are very muddy. I have two uncles who went to the Klondike. I am a Band of Hope girl. I get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much, especially the Correspondence.

BESSIE.

Campbellford.

Dear Editor,—After reading all the nice letters in your paper I thought I would like to write one too. I do so enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' While away on a short visit to a wee country village it seemed like meeting a familiar friend to get the paper at Sunday-school. I thought I would like to tell you about my cute little black and tan dog. His name is Jack, and he is about six years of age. He has had an eventful life for a dog, I think. Once he got poison, and we thought he was quite dead, and were going to bury him. He got through that all right, though. Once he jumped off the kitchen roof, and was pretty badly hurt. Times innumerable he has been in fights with dogs five times his size. He must have as many lives as a cat, for he is still living, and as ready for adventures as ever. I remain yours truly,

MARIE.

Dryden, Ont.

Dear Editor, — I am a little girl eleven years old, last month.

When papa first came up here to see this place, two years ago last April, there was only one house at Dryden, and now, I guess there are about sixty. We live on a farm about a mile and a half from Dryden, and our house is about thirty rods from the Wabigoon River.

There are a lot of wild flowers here, many kinds I have never seen before. I have three little sisters, and two little brothers. One is a dear little baby brother, six months old.

Mamma took the 'Messenger' when she was a litte girl and she still likes to read it.

I remain your little friend,

ALMIRA.

Grand Pre Farm, Grenfell.

Dear Editor,—As I promised to write during the summer holidays, I thought I would take the opportunity to write now. My story this time is about my first meeting with the Indians. On Sunday afternoon I was out for a walk, when to my surprise I saw some Indians. Then my five brothers, who were not far off, came up, and we went together to see the Indians, who were working, digging seneca root. I said 'Bon jour Nichie,' (Good day, friend), and they said the same. I said 'Do you know it is Sunday?' They said, 'Yes, white man, pale face, got lots of money, he no work on Sunday; but poor Indian work all day on Sunday and week too.'

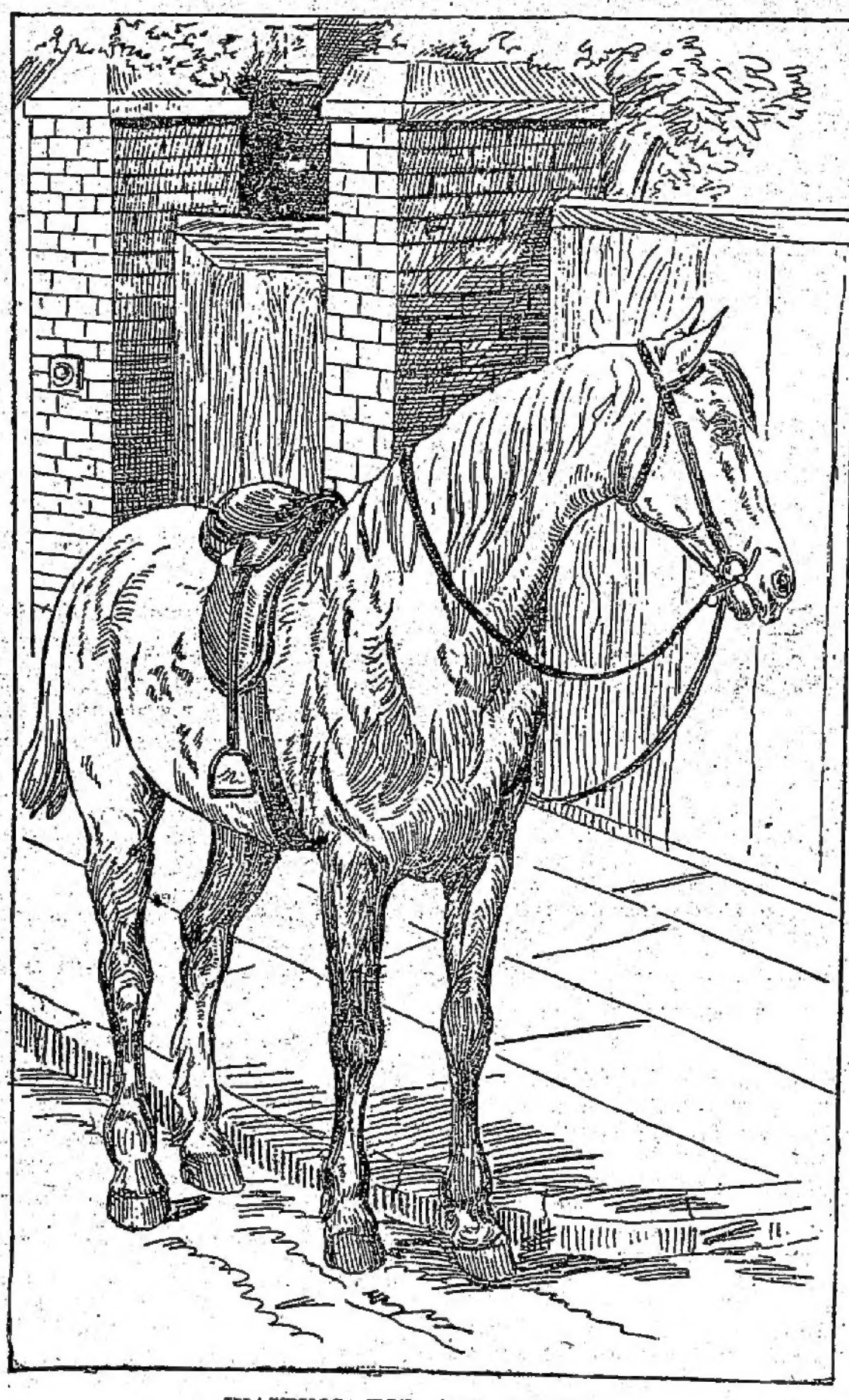
'Then we went up to see his squaw (wife) and pappoose (child). The squaw said she saw a 'bangee' (badger) and she set the animoose (dog) after it because it was 'nisheeshin' (good). The Indian said that their animoose was worth ten pascquabichs (dollars). I asked him what his name was, he said 'Jake Chairwash.' I asked him how many squaws he had, he said 'four squaws and five pappooses.' I left them then and came home.

On Monday my brothers Andrew, and Freddie were out herding, and the Indians coming along frightened them so they came home crying, and said the Indians had taken their cattle. I went and met Jake bringing their cattle home. I thanked them for bringing them so far, and he said he knew papposes were afraid of him, but he was a good nichie, he no hurt pappooses. I remain your faithful reader.

EMILY.

Waiting For His Master.

Children, I am sure that you all love animals, especially dogs, and one reason why you love them is because dogs always love their masters, and it is a pleasant thing to know that our household pets really love us. But do you think that horses can love human beings? Yes; they can. Look at the horse in our picture: he is waiting for his master; he is saddled; you can see the stirrups hanging down, and the bridle over his neck; he could run away if he chose to do so, for no one is holding him, but he does not wish to run away, for he loves his master, and would rather stay with him. Now, do you think, when his master comes, that he will lash his horse with a whip? No, he will mount upon his back, and pat him on the neck and say, 'Good old fellow!' and the horse will prick up his ears, and will say to himself, 'Master loves me, and I love him,' and so the horse will be quite happy.



WAITING FOR HIS MASTER.

Horses sometimes are very fond of each other, especially if they work together and live in the same stable. I once knew two ponies, one an English pony, the other a pretty Arabian, and these ponies were kept in the same stable for more than two years. At last they were separated, the English pony being sold, and taken away to another home. Then the Arabian began to droop, he would not eat, he became very thin, and at last he died. I asked the stable-man of what disease the poor Arabian had died. The stable-man said, 'He has just died of a broken heart; he could not live without his old companion.' Was it not a pity that they had been separated?

But now I must tell you something else that will amuse you. I once knew a pony in Scotland that became very fond of a little black cat! and, strange to say, the little cat was very fond of the pony, and used to sleep in the stable every night, sitting on the pony's back!

One day the pony had gone a long way with his master, and did not get home again till past ten o'clock. Poor pussie went mewing about the stable-yard, as though she would say, 'Where is my friend the pony? I can't find him anywhere.' When at last the pony arrived and walked into the stable, you should have seen how pussie rubbed herself against his legs, purring with joy to see him again. Then, with a great spring, she got upon his back, and settled down contentedly to sleep. It sounds very odd to hear this, but it is a true story.—'The Prize.'

Hide and Seek.

Bertie Graham lived in a village near to a large forest. He was a bonny boy of four years old, and had a sweet little baby brother.

Every fine afternoon mother took them for a walk, baby in the perambulator, and Bertie running and skipping by her side.

Sometimes, when there was shopping to be done, they went to the main road, where all the shops were. Sometimes they walked along the pretty green lanes, picking leaves and wild flowers; and sometimes they went through part of the forest.

Now and then mother would ask Bertie which way he would like to go. When she did this, he always said, 'Let us go to the forest.'

One reason why Bertie chose the forest was because he liked to play bo-peep round the trees. He would hide behind a large trunk for a minute or two, and then quite suddenly run out and clap his hands in front of the baby brother, who was just old enough to be amused in this way.

Sometimes Bertie would keep out of sight so long that mother pretended to be very frightened, and wonder if he had got lost.

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' she would

say. 'Where has my little boy gone? I shall certainly cry if I can't find him.' Then she would bury her face in her handkerchief, and very quietly Bertie would creep up till he got quite close to her, when he would shout in her ear and make her jump.

One day they had been playing in this way and having fine games when Bertie thought what fun it would be to really run away. He was sure he knew the way home; they had been along that path so many times. So off he started as hard as he could go, never looking round or stopping until he was knocking at their own door.

Baby had dropped off to sleep, and mother had been thinking as she walked slowly along, so that it was quite two or three minutes before she missed her little boy. Even

'WHERE HAS MY LITTLE BOY GONE?'

then she thought he would soon be running up to her.

'Bertie, Bertie!' she called, but no answer came. Then she pushed the perambulator to the side of the footpath and went to look behind all the large trees. But no small boy was to be seen anywhere, Now baby woke up, and finding he was alone, began to cry.

'What could be done? Wherever could Bertie have gone?' thought Mrs. Graham. He was not within sound of their voices, or he would surely have come when he heard his mother calling and the baby brother crying.

The only thing to do now would be to make haste home, and leave baby there with the maid while she came back to find her boy. Trundling along the perambulator as quickly as possible, she hurried along feeling, oh! so worried and unhappy.

When she reached the house, and the door was opened, she could see straight through into the kitchen and there was a small boy sitting up having tea with the maid.

What a sight of relief escaped her lips! And how she did hug and kiss him! And then—would you believe it?—even though she was a grown-up lady she burst into tears. Bertie tried to comfort her, for he loved mother very, very much.

When she felt better, she told him how he had frightened her when he ran away like that, and he must never, never do it again.

'I thought it was fun to find my way home alone, but I didn't mean to make you unhappy,' said Bertie.

'No, darling; I know that. But suppose you had taken the wrong turning, or got run over, wouldn't that have been dreadful?' asked his mother.

'Yes, I 'spose it would. I won't play that way any more and make you cry.'

When tea was over, and the little brother in bed, mother said she was going to give Bertie a lesson. So she sat him on her lap, and then made him say his name and where he lived: Bertie Graham, Ivy Cottage, Cambridge Road. Then he said it over several times till he could manage without a mistake.

After this they often used to play at a little boy being lost in the forest. Mother would pretend to be the policeman and ask him where he lived. Then he would speak up and tell her the address.

If it ever should have happened that he lost his way or missed his mother, he could be sure of getting taken home. But I do not believe he would ever run away again, because he remembered that mother was unhappy about it, and he loved her too much to make her sad.—'Child's Companion.'

The Quarrel.

(By Daisy Rhodes Campbell.)

'Oh, Bettie! what a naughty, horrid girl you are! I never want to look at you adain!' (Lizzie never could say 'again' right.)

'Very well,' Bettie said, tossing her curly head, 'you want all the things your own way, you old Lizzie Stevens. I'm going home, and I'm never coming here again, never!'

One little girl ran straight home, and the other little girl went very slowly into the house.

'Dear me!' Bettie said as she came into the little music room, 'I haven't got a friend any more.'

Sister Bell was playing on the piano, but she stopped when Bettie said that

'Come and tell me all about it,' she said, drawing her little sister towards her. And Bettie told her.

'I wanted to swing and Lizzie didn't; then I wanted to play "mother," and Lizzie wouldn't let me be the child. And then she said I was horrid and she never wanted to see me again, and I said I'd never come there. Oh, dear! I feel all bad, and we were having such a good time.' Bettie began to cry. Then Bell told her what to do, and Bettie stopped crying and smiled. Next morning she ran over to Lizzie's for her to go to Sunday-school.

'Lizzie,' she said, as soon as she saw her, 'I believe you had a cold yesterday. I'm sorry I ran home.'

'Yes,' Lizzie said, 'I did have a cold, but there were lots of naughty in me 'sides that. Mamma said she didn't think her little girl would be so imperlite, and I'm sorry, Bettie Burns.'

The two little girls went off to Sunday-school, and they each had this verse: 'The tongue is an unruly member.'—'Mayflower.'

Let everything you do, dear.
And say, and think, be true, dear.
Falsehood always brings distress,
But truth will never fail to bless;
Its blessing be on you, dear.
—'Bright Jewels.'

Catechism for Little Water Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

RESPONSIVE EXERCISE NO. V. — THE STORY OF DANIEL.

1. And the king spake that he should bring in certain of the children of Israel
Of the king's seed and of the princes:
2. Children in whom was no blemish but well favored,
And skilful in all wisdom and cunning.
3. Such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace.
Whom they might teach the learning.
4. And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat.
And the wine which he drank;
5. So nourishing them three years.
That at the end they might stand before him.
6. Among these were the children of Judah,
Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah.
7. But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself
With the portion of the king's meat nor of the wine which he drank.
8. 'Prove thy servants ten days,'
And let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink.'
9. At the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter of flesh
Than the children which did eat of the portion of the king's meat,
10. Thus Melzar took away their meat,
And the wine that they should drink.
All.—Therefore stood they before the king and he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers in his realm.
What was Daniel's temperance motto?
Let them give us water to drink.

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXV. — THE COST OF INTEMPERANCE.

1. How much does the United States spend each year for intoxicating drinks?
About a billion of dollars.
2. Is that a great deal?
Yes, we can hardly think how much it is. It is many times as much as is spent for bread, or for clothing, or for shoes, or for churches or for schools.
3. Is that all that intemperance costs?
Oh, no! It costs as much more to take care of the people who drink and their families.
4. In what way do we have to take care of them?
We have to supply food and clothing and houses to live in for poor families who would be able to take care of themselves if there was no drink. We have to build and support workhouses, jails, prisons and infirmaries because of drink.
5. Would there not be need for such places if people did not drink?
Hardly at all. Where drink is not allowed the jails and prisons are empty, and the people work to support their own families.
6. What is crime?
Crime is the breaking of a law of the State or of good morals.
7. What are some of the more common crimes?
Burglary, robbery, assault and murder.
8. What causes the greater part of these crimes?
At least four out of every five are caused by strong drink.
9. How does strong drink cause them?
It rouses every evil passion in men; makes them cruel and quarrelsome. It stifles conscience and reason, and prevents right thinking and feeling.
10. How many people in the United States are arrested every year for crime?
About one hundred thousand.
11. How much does it cost to arrest, care for, try and punish these criminals?
Nearly a hundred million of dollars, and at least four-fifths of this expense is due to strong drink.
12. How is this money paid?
By taxing the property of the people.
13. What else does drink produce?
Great suffering. The humane societies have to be formed largely because drunken parents abuse their children.
14. What about relief societies?
Their work is made by the same cause. They would not need to be kept up, if people did not drink.
15. How many paupers are there in this country?
At least six hundred thousand.
16. What is a pauper?
A person who cannot or does not support himself, and must, therefore, be supported by other people.
17. What causes most of the pauperism in this country?
Strong drink causes more than four-fifths of it all, and in this way costs our country about sixty millions of dollars every year.
18. What is insanity?
Insanity is unsoundness of the mind.
19. Is insanity ever caused by drink?
Yes. About three of every five insane persons become so because they themselves drink, or through the drunkenness of their parents, or through the sufferings caused by other people's drinking.
20. How much does strong drink cost us for the support of these people?
About twenty-five millions of dollars a year.
21. What is an idiot?
A person without reason or judgment, or the power to learn.
22. What makes people idiots?
At least a third of them all are made so by the drinking habits of their parents.
23. How much does strong drink cost this country in the care of such people?
Not far from twenty millions of dollars a year.
24. How is all this money paid?
By taxing the property of the people.
25. Who, then, suffer in this country from strong drink?
Everybody in it. There is not a person who owns any property who is not taxed to support the drink traffic. It takes his honest earnings from every workingman and robs the whole nation.

Hints to Teachers.

Skilful teaching will make this lesson very telling. By questioning regarding what their own eyes see, and the judicious quoting of facts and statistics, a powerful and lasting impression may be made. Dr. Hargreaves says: 'There is not the least doubt that, if in the United States, the money that has been expended in alcoholic drinks since the Declaration of Independence had been devoted to proper uses, our real and personal estate would be double the value of what it now is; our people more prosperous, happy, intelligent, moral and religious, and the nation free from the frightful burden of taxation which alcohol imposes.'

Why are my Boys Drunkards.

The above is a question propounded by a distressed mother. She is a good woman, and has been a devout Christian from a child, is a faithful wife and a kind, loving, praying mother. But alas, she has lived to see her fine-looking, hardy boys grow up and become drunkards!

She has done all she could in the way of kindly admonishing against the seduction of the wine cup, and lovingly warning them of the ruin which the rum-fiend inflicts upon its victims. Many, many hours in the stillness of the night has she spent upon her knees, her heart almost broken, pleading with God to save her boys from being ruined by strong drink, only to see them waxing worse and worse.

And now, almost in despair, she asks, 'Why are my boys drunkards? Why does not God interpose and save them in answer to my prayers? Does he no longer hear and answer the prayers of his sorrow-stricken children? Is the fault mine? Have I not faithfully done my duty—done all that a fond mother could do to save my boys?'

Alas, for that mother! Our heart bleeds for her and for her boys as well. God does hear and answer prayer; but the same God who says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee,' also says, 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth; that shall he also reap.' He also says that he visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

'But,' one asks, 'what have those passages to do with this poor, distressed mother's case?'

Only this; she is reaping what she has sowed. Years ago, when she was a happy, beautiful young woman she made the awful mistake, made by so many others, of accepting the attentions of a young man whom she knew to be addicted to strong drink, and permitted him to woo and win her. She not only knew that he was in the habit of becoming intoxicated, but she also knew that the appetite for strong drink was a characteristic of his family.

Of course, like many another foolish girl, she felt sure she could 'reform him.' Her parents and friends warned her; but despite their admonitions and protestations she would have her own way, and did give herself to be the wife of a drunken husband, and in doing so doomed herself to be the sorrowing mother of drunken sons!

She sowed the wind and is reaping the whirlwind!. She set in motion a cause, and now because he who is the author of the law of cause and effect, does not think it wise to interpose miraculously, and in answer to her prayer suspend that law and change inherited nature, the boys on whom she decided to inflict an unnatural appetite for strong drink by marrying a man given to the use of intoxicating liquors are going the way of the drunkard! It is an awful case, but 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?'

This sad case is only one of many, and is given to be a warning to the young lady readers of the 'Messenger,' Dear girls, if you would avoid a similar sorrow, pray now to be saved from marrying men addicted to strong drink. It is the only effectual way to pray for deliverance from the sorrow which the poor woman whose case is described above suffers. To pray after the boys begotten of a drunken father have fallen into the same habit of drinking is too late.

We will not say that they cannot and will not be saved from a drunkard's hell, but experience teaches that, as a rule, such are not saved from the inherited appetite for strong drink; and when, in addition, they are exposed to the seductive influence of the open saloon and the society of those who drink, how are they to escape?

Joseph Cook has well said that the right time to begin to reform a man is three generations before he is born; and the best medical authorities of the world declare that the appetite for strong drink in the father is transmitted to the children to the third and fourth generation.

This is an awful truth; but it is as true as it is awful; and ought to be made to flame out like the lightning flashes of Sinai in the eyes, and ring out like the thunder peals of the mount of God in the ears of the young women who for a moment entertain the thought of marrying men who tamper in the least with strong drink in the hope that they can reform them.

There are ten thousand wives and mothers in this country to-day whose hearts are broken, and whose homes are but hovels of want, violence and sorrow, simply because they, lured by the seductive, false hope that they could reform them, married men whom they knew before they married them were given to tampering with the drunkard-making beverage. They mourn; and suffer and pray, but the adamantine law of cause and effect holds, and, as in the case of Esau, their repentance and tears are of no avail in so far as undoing what they have done is concerned. They are only reaping what they sowed, and thereby verifying the truth that 'God is not mocked.' — 'The Religious Telescope.'

The son of a cotton manufacturer of Putnam, Conn., John Wilkinson, now lying in an alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital, New York, stated to a reporter the other day—'You see where I am, and you can guess what will become of me. My brother Laurence was a lawyer, the valedictorian of his class at Yale, and a graduate of New York Law School. He died of alcoholism at thirty-six. Gerald died two years ago from the same disease at the age of twenty-one. Edward, who is twenty-four, is now in a retreat, to which he was committed as a dipsomaniac for a term of three years. You need not be surprised to see me here.'

LESSON IX. — AUG. 28.

Elisha and Dothan.

II. Kings vi., 8-18. Memory verses 15-17. Read verses 1-23.

Golden Text.

'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' (Psa. xxxiv., 7.)

Home Readings.

M. II Kings, vi., 1-23.—Elisha at Dothan.
T. Psa. xxxiv., 1-22. — The safety of those who fear God.
W. Psa. lxviii., 1-17.—'The chariots of God are twenty thousand.'
T. Heb. xii., 1-29.—'An innumerable company of angels.'
F. Psa. cxviii., 1-29.—'The Lord is on my side.'
S. Rom. viii., 28-39.—'Who can be against us?'
S. Psa. xxvii., 1-14.—'Though an host should encamp against me.'

Lesson Story.

All through our lessons upon Elisha and his work we have seen how faithful and devoted he was to God. He was very like Jesus in his power to bless and help. The way to grow like Jesus is to obey him exactly.

There was war between Syria and Israel. The king of Syria would lay plans to surprise the children of Israel, and God would show his plan to Elisha, who would tell his king, so his soldiers would know how to keep out of the trap. This happened three times, and the Syrian king was angry, because he thought some of his own people were false to him. When he heard that the prophet Elisha knew his plans as fast as he made them, and warned Israel, he wanted to get Elisha into his power. The prophet was at Dothan, and thither the king of Syria sent chariots and horses and a great company of soldiers to take him. They came quietly by night and surrounded the little city. Early in the morning when the prophet's servant went out he saw the city surrounded by the enemy. He was frightened, for he saw no way they could escape.

He hurried in and said to the prophet, 'Alas, my master, what shall we do?' Elisha was not frightened at all. He said to his servant, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' Then he prayed the Lord to shew the servant the Lord's defence. So the Lord opened his eyes; and, behold, the mountain round about the city was full of horses and chariots of fire set there to guard Elisha. Presently the soldiers came into the city. And Elisha asked God to make them blind. God answered the prayer, and they were perfectly blind and could not find Elisha. Elisha led them to Samaria to the King of Israel, and then asked that their eyes might be opened. They were ashamed and frightened; but the king, at Elisha's command, treated them kindly, fed them, and sent them safely back to their king. This ended the war for that time.

God is just as ready to defend his children to-day as when Elisha needed his help. — 'Practical Commentary.'

Lesson Hints.

'The king of Syria'—Benhadad II., still at war with Israel.

'The man of God'—Elisha, to whom God revealed the secrets of the Syrian camp.

'Not once nor twice'—but several times.

'Which of us'—he thought that only his most intimate advisers knew of his plans, therefore one of them must be a traitor.

'One of his servants'—one who had probably seen and heard a good deal about the wonderful works of the prophet.

'Dothan'—twelve miles north of Samaria.

'A great host'—but no host is great enough to defeat God's purposes in an obedient man.

'They that be with us are more'—'if God be for us who can be against us?' 'Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world.' (I. John iv., 4.)

'Open his eyes'—to the eye of faith deliverance will be visible in the darkest hours, we need to pray much for the opened eyes with which to see God's love in everything. As the two disciples on their way to Emmaus did not recognize their Lord, so we walk with blind eyes not recognizing the presence of the Saviour who never leaves us.

'Fire'—the symbol of purity and strength. The same fire which burns away the dross of our characters stands between us and our enemies to protect us from all real harm. God's obedient servant is immortal until his work is finished.'

Questions.

1. Can we hide any of our thoughts or plans from God?
2. Why were the plans of Benhadad continually defeated?
3. How did Elisha escape being taken captive?
4. Will God take care of us if we obey him?

Suggested Hymns.

'God will take care of you,' 'He is able to deliver you,' 'Mighty to save,' 'Jesus knows thy sorrow,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'Abide with me.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Aug. 28.

'Man proposes, but God disposes.' Verse 8.

One man with God can conquer a mighty host. Verses 9, 10.

No heart trouble is a benefit unless it destroys selfishness. Verse 11.

'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.' Verse 12.

Horses and chariots, armies and councils, plots and strategems, all are powerless to frustrate the plans of God. Verses 13, 14.

'Blind unbelief is sure to err and scan his works in vain.' Verse 15.

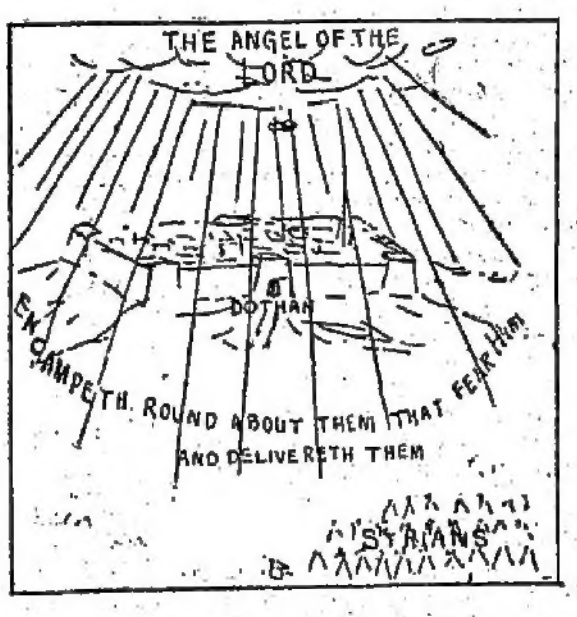
Faith sees roses and sunshine where unbelief finds darkness and thorns. Verses 16,17.

'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Verse 18.

Tiverton, Ont.

The Lesson Illustrated.

We cannot draw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha at Dothan because that would take a Dore to draw, and more time even for him than our Sunday-school allows us. So we must make something simple that will do, and we take our chalk and draw a little square walled city, calling it Dothan. Then



with a bright yellow chalk we draw some clouds right over the city. From them the yellow rays come down in a golden shower all around the city, and at the edge of this ring of light we print the words of our Golden Text, making a golden wall of yellow, dazzling and shutting out the host of the enemy represented here by the tents of the Syrians below.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Aug. 28.—'With your might.'—Eccl., ix., 10: John iv., 27-35.

From Infancy.

In the Jewish Church the most urgent commands were given concerning the instructions of the children. They were to be taught the Holy Scriptures from their infancy. These heavenly words were to be lodged in their hearts so early and so deeply that they would color their first thoughts, sweeten their first affections, and give tone to all their aspiration and desires. This is what we as teachers should seek to do for the young children in our classes. We are to fill their hearts and minds with divine influences—the words which are able to make them wise unto salvation. We have the children when their lives are easily impressed, and when the blessing of our teaching will help to shape them for noble character and great usefulness.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Sunday School Management.

Success or failure depends upon the school's leadership. The best business man (or woman) in the Church should be put at the head, and the utmost care taken in selecting the other officers and teachers. The officers and teachers ought to be persons: Of unquestioned piety; of special fitness, as far as available, for the work in hand; of willingness to spend and be spent in making the school a success. Better an entire school managed and taught by one person than a full corps of lazy and perfunctory workers. The selection of Sunday-school officers and teachers is not a matter of Church 'compliment,' or 'policy,' but of the most sacred and far-reaching responsibility. If the Church has not the best, let it use the very best it has, and set itself steadfastly to raising the standard of its Sunday-school work.

A well managed school emphasizes the punctual and regular attendance of its officers, teachers and scholars.

1. Every officer should be at his post fully fifteen minutes before the opening moment, to set in order the work of the day, to get ready and in place, all books, papers, 'helps,' etc.; to provide for absent teachers, to greet and seat incoming scholars, to look after the condition and comfort of the rooms — in short, to have every detail in readiness to begin at the moment set for beginning. The day's victory over all opposing influences will be won or lost in these fifteen minutes of advance preparation.

2. The punctual and regular attendance of teachers is indispensable to success. The roll call of teachers should be maintained in every school. The teachers should be trained to come in advance of the scholars, or to give timely notice to the superintendent of intended absence. Before the school begins every teacher should be in his place with his class; should see that all books, bibles, and needed supplies are in hand; should take up the day's offering from the scholars; should note attendance in the class-book; should see to the proper seating of the class; and should engage them at once in work or conversation leading up to the lesson.

3. The punctual and regular attendance of scholars may be secured in three ways: By setting them a good example of invariable punctuality as officer and teacher. By keeping a class record of tardiness and absence, and having a standard of honorable recognition before the school for those who attend punctually and regularly—such as 'rolls of honor,' public mention or bulletin from the superintendent's desk, etc. By looking up every absent scholar before the next Sunday, either by personal visit, or letter or inquiry, so that no member of the school shall be absent two successive Sabbaths, without a personal visit from a teacher or officer of the school. There are many schools in the land in which this method is persistently and invariably used. The superintendent, for his own good, should make note every Sabbath of the absentees and follow them up, so far as it can be done. — 'Sunday-school Magazine.'

Speaking at the annual mission of the Dundee Town Mission, the Rev. A. F. Best asked: 'Does any rational person think that an hour or an hour and a half in the Sunday-school is adequate religious instruction for a child? Is there not a growing feeling amongst parents in the churches, that if they send their children to the Sunday-school, they have discharged their religious duties to them?' He then passed on to declare his conviction that in the near future the church will have to face the responsibility of providing schools and halls better adapted for the teaching of religion than at present exist, especially in the way of separate class-rooms. — 'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Morning Caller.

The morning caller at a house where no servants are employed, is not always a welcome one. The average housewife does not care to be surprised, by even her dearest friend, with a disordered breakfast-table in view, her front hair unfrizzed, or still up in curl-papers, and attired in a morning gown that may not be immaculate. The too familiar guest who rushes in a rear door of a house, presuming on her intimacy with the mistress of that domicile, is oftener a discomfort and an embarrassment than a welcome visitor at any hour of the day. It is a wise rule to always respect the privacy of others' households,, and therefore to be ever a trifle ceremonious with even our most intimate friends. It will preserve mutual respect, and perpetuate friendship, and never subject us to the liability of being unwelcome guests.—'Christian Work.'

Wise Words to Mothers.

A writer in the New York 'Evening Post' expresses the opinion that it is little short of cruelty to bring up children so that they are looked upon as a public nuisance. When they are debarred from comfortable and desirable places because they are destructive to people's peace, and injurious to the material beauty of the dwelling, it tells a sad story of neglect and selfishness on the part of their mothers.

The following words of wisdom are worthy of prayerful consideration by mothers, individually and in 'mothers' meetings':

To enforce upon children regard for other people and their property, to punish, by restraint or deprivation of certain pleasures, injuries to furniture, flowers, books, walls, anything which they ought not to handle—is merely to make a groundwork of decent regard for other people's rights. I saw two children, eight or ten years old, tear up the larger part of a bit of shrubbery just coming into bloom, and throw the blossoms on the ground, while their mothers watched them from the verandah in complacent quiet. 'They are having such a good time with those wild flowers.' The mistress of the house absolutely turned pale when she saw the destruction; the shrubs were coming into bloom for the first time. The little girls were not even told to gather up the litter they had made, but left walks and lawn untidy, and rushed off to find something else to tear up and destroy.

To learn to respect the perfection of things is of infinite value to a child. If it is a flower, to shelter and try to keep it alive, never wantonly to pluck and fling away a blossom; if it is a book, not to deface or mar it; if it is a wall, not to mark or deface it; if it is a smooth-rolled lawn, not to litter it with rubbish or deface it with wheel-marks. To learn to wait patiently; all their lives long they will give thanks for having been taught how to do this. How many a pleasant talk has been interrupted, how many an otherwise helpful visit has been lost by a teasing, puling child, tormenting its mother either to listen to its demands or to go somewhere.

The whole of its life lies in what the child learns of those things, and it must either grow into selfish manhood or womanhood, or have the evil beaten out by the hard and bitter teachings of the world in which it was meant to be happy and useful, rather than to begin thus late to learn that we cannot live unto ourselves.

Better that the children never knew a word of any language but their own, that they were devoid of many society accomplishments, than that they should fail to learn faithful obedience, respect for the rights of others, and primary self-restraint, which is the foundation of all pleasant intercourse between human beings of every age.

There is no reason why children should not be a joy wherever they go; a refreshment, even an amusement to their world-tired elders, to whom their innocent pleasures, their spontaneous, unaffected merriment, their original and ingenious thoughts, are like a new and diverting book; and surely to many forms of grief no tenderness is as soothing as the love and caress of a dear child.

If they are looked upon as pests and nuisances, if the nervous shrink from their shrill screams and continued fretfulness, the delicate from their rude ways, and the refined from their destructiveness, it is the fault of their mothers, not of the children.

Put the culture of the heart and character of your children far above the improvement of their minds.

It is easier to yield than to show a child that he cannot be indulged; it is far easier to quiet a restless little spirit with a forbidden plaything than to insist on his amusing himself legitimately; but every day the mother or nurse who would grieve sincerely that any lack of care or forethought had entailed a bump or bruise, will permit him without regret to acquire habits which make him a trial wherever he goes, and which only the rod of life's hard discipline can remove.

The subtle form of selfishness which causes this lamentable result hides itself away under many coverings, but in the end the finished work is the same; the distasteful, annoying, obnoxious child owes his condition to his mother, and she has been cruel to him.—'Woman's Column.'

Making Cake.

(By Mary L. Palmer.)

I have lately read an interesting chapter on cake making. And though the subject is an old one, I wish to give some of the ideas as well as some of my own notions.

In the making of cake, as of other things, let it 'be done decently and in order.' First, the cake maker should be in order. Let the hands be perfectly clean, hair neatly combed and smoothed, and shoulders and back well brushed that none lodge there. Put on a large, clean apron. Clear the table of utensils and everything not needed. Place thereon everything that is needed.

In warm weather place eggs in cold water and let them stand a few minutes; they will make finer froth. And be sure eggs are fresh; the success of the cake depends to some extent upon the freshness of the eggs; no amount of beating will make a stiff froth if they are old.

Good authority says grease pans with fresh lard rather than butter, and line with several thicknesses of paper according to the oven. Sift flour and also sugar, unless pulverized; and measure or weigh carefully. Butter, if quite salt should be cut in pieces and placed for a little while in water; it will freshen it a trifle. If very hard, warm, but do not allow it to melt. Melted butter is not recommended. Indeed some authorities do not advise cooked butter at all.

Beat yolks of eggs thoroughly. Set whites in a cool place till ready for use, then beat till dish may be turned upside down.

In mixing cake the following is a good rule for putting materials together: Beat butter to a cream; add sugar gradually, milk in small quantities, yolks of eggs, flour, whites, and lastly flavoring. There is a great 'knack' in beating cake.

Always use earthen or stoneware for mixing, and do not stir, but bring batter up from bottom of the dish at every stroke, beating the same way every time. It is said cells will be finer if beaten the same way every time, and slowly toward the last. All cakes not made with yeast should be baked as soon as mixed.

We often speak of 'luck' in cake making, but unskillful mixing, too rapid or unequal baking, or a sudden decrease of heat before quite done, or an overheated oven, or some other things that might be mentioned, will have to do with that same luck in a manner no witch could conjure. The oven is a matter to be thought of; oftener too hot than too cool.

Cakes should rise and begin to bake before browning too much. Large cakes require a good, steady, solid heat, not hot enough to burn, but constant. These hints followed, the cake should come out well.—'Christian Union.'

Selected Recipes.

Cream Filling.—Scald one cup of milk in a double boiler. Beat one egg and add two level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Turn into the scalded milk and stir until thick. Take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and spread between the layers, sprinkling with cocoanut.

Plain Cake. — One half-cup of butter and one cup of sugar creamed together. Add one half-cup of milk, two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder and flavor to taste.

Newspaper Opinion.

The 'Witness' does its own thinking and then speaks out its mind.

Party papers cannot do that on every subject, neither will a press that values circulation and advertising revenue above influence, place them before conscience.

For instance, a party paper is not apt to condemn party schemes or oppose party interests, however contrary such may be to the common weal. Neither is a paper that inserts liquor advertisements apt to support prohibition. Nor does a paper that values circulation above everything wage war against anything that has the sympathy or support of large numbers of its readers or possible readers. For the policy of such a paper is always, 'Don't make enemies unless by so doing more friends will be made than may be lost. But find out what the people want, and give it to them, whether it is good or bad.'

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